

But hee is dround; and these are diuels; O defend me.

Ste. Foure legges and two voyces; a most delicate Monster: his forward voyce now is to speake well of his friend; his backward voyce is to vtter foule speeches, and to detract: if all the wine in my bottle will recouer him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure some in thy other mouth.

Tri. *Stephano.*

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a diuell, and no Monster: I will leaue him; I haue no long Spooone.

Tri. *Stephano.* if thou bee'st *Stephano*, touch me, and speake to me: for I am *Trinculo*; be not afraid, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou bee'st *Trinculo*: come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legges: if any be *Trinculo's* legges, these are they: Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede: how cam'st thou to be the sieg of this Moone-calf? Can he vent *Trinculo's*?

Tri. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-stroke; but art thou not dround *Stephano*: I hope now thou art not dround: Is the Storme over-blowne? I hid mee vnder the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou liuing *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* scap'd?

Ste. Prethee doe not turne me about, my stomacke is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, and if they be not sprights: that's a braue God, and beares Celestiall liquor: I will kneele to him.

Ste. How did'st thou scape?

How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd vpon a But of Sacke, which the Saylor heaued o're-board, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear vpon that Bottle, to be thy true subiect, for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Heere: I swear then how thou escap'd'st.

Tri. Swom ashore (man) like a Ducke: I can swim like a Ducke: I'll be sworne.

Ste. Heere, kisse the Booke.

Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Goose.

Tri. O *Stephano*, ha'st any more of this?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke by th' sea-side, where my Wine is hid:

How now Moone-Calf, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'st thou not dropt from heauen?

Ste. Out o'th Moone I doe assure thee. I was the Man ith' Moone, when time was.

Cal. I haue seene thee in her: and I doe adore thee: My Mistis shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush.

Ste. Come, I swear to that: kisse the Booke: I will furnish it anon with new Contents: Swear.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster: I aske of him? a very weak Monster: Is he the Man ith' Moone?

A most poore credulous Monster: in the which I haue Well drawne Monster, in good sooth.

Cal. He shew thee every fertill yench' o'th Island: and I will kisse thy foote: I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a most perfidious, and drunken Monster, when's god's a sleepe he'll rob his Bottle.

Cal. He kisse thy foot. He swears my selfe thy Subiect.

Ste. Come on then: downe and sweare.

Tri. I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppi-headed Monster: a most scurvie Monster: I could finde in my heart to beate him.

Ste. Come, kisse.

Tri. But that the poore Monster's in drinke: An abhominable Monster.

Cal. I'll shew thee the best Springs: I'll plucke thee Berries: I'll fish for thee; and get thee wood enough. A plague vpon the Tyrant that I serue; I'll beare him no more Sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Tri. A most ridiculous Monster, to make a wonder of a poore drunkard.

Cal. I prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; show thee a Iayes nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble Marmazet: I'll bring thee to clustring Philbirts, and sometimes I'll get thee young Scamels from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me?

Ste. I prethee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company else being dround, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by againe.

Caliban Sings drunkenly.

Farewell Master; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monster: a drunken Monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish,

Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish,

Ban' ban' Cacalyban

Has a new Master, get a new Man.

Freedom, high-day, high-day freedom, freedom high-day, freedom.

Ste. O braue Monster; lead the way.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be some Sports are painfull; & their labor Delight in them set off: Some kindes of basenesse Are nobly vndergon; and most poore matters Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske Would be as heavy to me, as odious, but

The Mistis which I serue, quickens what's dead, And makes my labours pleasures: O She is Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed;

And he's compos'd of harshnesse. I must remoue Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them vp,

Vpon a fore injunction; my sweet Mistis Weepes when she sees me worke, & faies, such basenes Had neuer like Executor: I forget:

But these sweet thoughts, doe euen refresh my labours, Most busie left, when I doe it.

Enter Miranda and Prospero.

Mir. Alas, now pray you Worke not so hard: I would the lightning had

Burnt vp those Logs that you are enioynd to pile: Pray set it downe, and rest you: when this burnes

I will weepe for hauing wearied you: my Father Is hard at study; pray now rest your selfe,

He's

Hee's safe for these three houres.

Fer. O most deere Mistis, The Sun will set before I shall discharge What I must striue to do.

Mir. If you'll sit downe

He beare your Logges the while: pray giue me that, He carry it to the pile.

Fer. No precious Creature, I had rather cracke my sinewes, breake my backe, Then you should such dishonor vndergoe, While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me As well as it do's you; and I should do it With much more ease: for my good will is to it, And yours it is against.

Pro. Poore worme thou art infected, This visitation shewes it.

Mir. You looke wearily.

Fer. No, noble Mistis, 'tis fresh morning with me When you are by at night: I do beseech you Cheefely, that I might let it in my prayers, What is your name?

Mir. *Miranda*, O my Father, I haue broke your heft to say so.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*, Indeede the top of Admiration, worth What's deere to the world: full many a Lady I haue ey'd with best regard, and many a time Th' harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage Brought my too diligent care: for seuerall vertues

Haue I lik'd seuerall women, neuer any VVith so full soule, but some defect in her Did quarrell with the noblest grace she ow'd,

And put it to the foile. But you, O you, So perfect, and so peetelesse, are created Of euerie Creatures best.

Mir. I do not know

One of my sexe; no woman's face remember Saue from my glasse, mine owne: Nor haue I seene

More that I may call men, then you good friend, And my deere Father: how features are abroad

I am skillesse of; but by my modestie (The iewel in my dower) I would not wish

Any Companion in the world but you: Nor can imagination forme a shape

Besides your selfe, to like of; but I prattle Something too wildly, and my Fathers precepts I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition A Prince (*Miranda*) I do thinke a King

(I would not so) and would no more endure This woddish slauerie, then to suffer

The flesh-slie blow my mouth: heare my soule speake, The verie instant that I saw you, did

My heart flie to your seruice, there resides: I T To make me slave to it, and for your sake I haue

Am I this patient Logge-man.

Mir. Do you loue me?

Fer. O heauen; O earth, beare witness to this sound, And crowne what I professe with kinde euent

If I speake true: if hollowly, inuert VVhat best is boaded me, to mischief: I

Beyond all limit of what else it's world Do loue, prize, honor you.

Mir. I am a foole To weepe at what I am glad of.

Pro. Faire encounter

Of two most rare affection On that which breeds betw

Fer. VVherefore weepe

Mir. At mine vnworth

VVhat I desire to giue; an

VVhat I shall die to want

And all the more it seekes t

The bigger bulke it shewes

And prompt me plaine and

I am your wife, if you will

If not, He die your maid: t

You may denie me, but He

VVhether you will or no.

Fer. My Mistis (deere) And I thus humble euer.

Mir. My husband then?

Fer. I, with a heart as w As bondage ere of freedom

Mir. And mine, with my Till halfe an houre hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand

Pro. So glad of this as th VVho are surpriz'd with all

At nothing can be more: He For yet ere supper time, mu

Much businesse appertainin

Scena

Enter Caliban, Ste

Ste. Tell not me, when t water, not a drop before; th em' Seruant Monster, drin

Tri. Seruant Monster? t say there's but fve vpon thi

if th' other two be brain'd li

Ste. Drinke seruant Mo eies are almost fet in thy hea

Tri. VVhere should th braue Monster indeede if th

Ste. My man-Monster h sacke: for my part the Sea c

ere I could recouer the shor off and on, by this light th

Monster, or my Standard.

Tri. Your Lieutenant if

Ste. VVeele not run Monfi

Tri. Nor go neither: bu say nothing neither.

Ste. Moone-calf, speake o a good Moone-calf.

Cal. How does thy honou He not serue him, he is not v

Tri. Thou liest most ign to iustle a Constable: why,

was there euer man a Cowar Sacke as I to day? wilt thou

but halfe a Fish, and halfe a

Cal. Loc, how he mocke Lord?